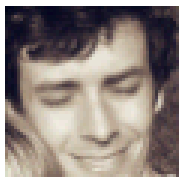


# THE NORWAY TIMES

## MUSIC REVIEW

### THE DEAR PLASTIC THEIVES ARE BABIES

An in-depth album  
by Lijām Cørrby



Here's a wholesome Norwegian joke:

Question: "what does the Fox say"

Answer: "have you heard the new dear plastic album? It's EXCELLENT!"

The joke is topical as well as accurate. Packed with lots of sweet noises and interesting music, The Dear Plastic's new album, has already made it to number 1 on all Norwegian radio stations. Anyone who has sunk their mittens into Thieves are Babies will know this album is the hottest thing out, and bound to keep you feeling nice and toasty throughout this coming winter.

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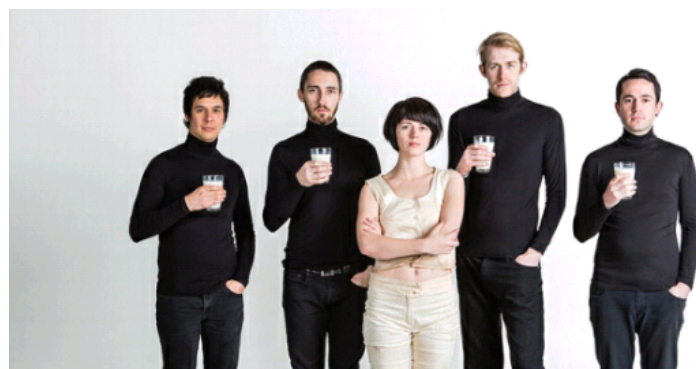
*you will never enjoy a nice cold  
glass of Melk ever again*

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With vocals smooth like a vanilla milkshake, Bacci provides a gentle entrance in the opener Memo. But if your not looking for milkshakes, your palette will quickly become wetted

with a taste of what's in store, with the mega groovy transition to dirty bass in Overwinter. With those vibrations running up and down your spine, winter doesn't feel so cold anymore, does it?

But having Touched on vibrations, let's not forget the BEATS! Corry will hit those drums in ways that will surprise you and please you in the opening Antimatter, before the Danny takes charge of the funky groove, with his best bass work since their early day Circuis.



And while we're on the subject of songs about quantum theory and astro physics, if one song all about Space isn't enough for you, just you wait until Ghost comes through your ears in about 30 minutes time. No doubt, as Bacci recalls fond and nostalgic memories of her lonely days of space travel, Danny's elbow will steadily transport your space ship to a new side of the universe you will wish you had discovered earlier.

But Baby Theives is not always about Space. Sometimes the simpler sweet sounds of some beautiful keys are more than enough to make you feel something special. And no one is better than delivering those beautiful keys than J-dillo during Zebra Danio. This fabeled song, about Danny's unrequited love with a Zebra, is moving enough, but this doesn't stop Nathy (aka The Daddy) from pressing all the right buttons to douse you will a double recipe of overwhelming emotion.

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*It looks like Spring is going to  
break early this year.*

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But then, just as your melting like smør on toasted Brød, it's time for something truly beautiful. The introverted interplay between Bacci's vocal and Danny's guitar melodies will drag you to the bottom of the ocean with the weird fishes during the Epic Delaay. But before you know it, the powerful crescendo pulls you back up like an industrial fishing trawler, and at 3.15, the sun has melted all the snow, revealing a world far more beautiful than any you have seen before. It looks like Spring is going to break early this year.

But this is a new world you may not be familiar with. The album takes a pungent turn, and after the stench of Bucky Boy the Reaper, you will never enjoy a nice cold glass of Melk ever again. But all is soon forgiven, once J-Dillo and The Daddy smooth everything over with their modular synthetic magic, in Little Seeds.

And it never stops getting better. Because just you had become convinced that Bacci is definitely not Sharon Jones, she has you fooled. And just like no one gets Funky like Shaz-Bacci-Jones, no one turns those nobs and clicks those tracks like The Daddy.

When Bacci finally drops the bombs in the album's atmospheric closer, Roses, you wake up to find yourself in a daze. Upside down, bloody mittens, unsatisfied, this is the end.

Thieves Are Babies, like a snowflake, is delicate. But like the glacier, it is powerful. And like the North Sea Oil exploration, this gift from The Dear Plastic will be long lasting, leaving you feeling rich and fulfilled, for years to come.